

Let the "mashers" beware. The feminine fad of carrying a cane is growing.

Is there no rest for the weary? The magazines are publishing the stories of the siege of Peking.

Keen business ability was shown by the train robber who forced the sleeping-car porter to collect from the passengers for him.

As to the Prince of Wales taking to eye-glasses, it's quite natural that at 60 a man looks out on the world differently than at 20.

"Is Woman Retrograding?" asks one esteemed contemporary. We know one who was thirty-two three years ago, and is now only twenty-eight.

The Tennessee woman who killed her son for smoking cigarettes possibly believed that the only sure way of redeeming the boy from the burning evil.

Just 14,617,284 writers wrote so illegibly last year that the postoffice authorities could not deliver their letters. A good many of these scrawlers wrote "to the editor," too.

Apropos of a recent explosion, the Buffalo Evening Times sadly remarks that many a man has been blown up at his home who never had an ounce of chemicals stored on his premises.

Don't mistake, young man. In this world it is not what you have that is important, but what you are. The world maxims are somewhat against this view, but it is the true one, nevertheless.

The cheerful idiot, who is always ready to make suggestions in matters that he knows nothing about, was in evidence when ink was applied to the scalded face of a woman in a Pennsylvania town a few days ago. She is now terribly disfigured for life.

One of the puzzles of the election is the immense vote cast and the apparent indifference or apathy of the people during the campaign. There never was a presidential election in which the people seemed to be less interested, but when it came to voting they tumbled over each other to get to the polls.

The League against Stenckness is a new French organization which publishes a serious periodical, the Journal du Mal de Mer, largely composed of infallible prescriptions against seasickness. Everybody knows such recipes. People who do not go to sea find them very effective, and as a rule they are entertaining. But the French Journal ought also to print some fiction with a less transparent plot and a more agreeable climax.

According to the census returns the Indian population of the United States is about 267,900, and experts say that there are probably as many or nearly as many Indians on the continent now as there were when it was discovered. As the Indians are slowly increasing in number and, according to Prof. Starr, the rest of us are becoming Indians, the next adventurer who discovers America will find the red men very numerous.

Education adds light to the mind and skill to the hand of its possessor. Other things being equal, the man who reads and by reading keeps in touch with the advance of improvements in his trade or art will do more and better work than the man who has no learning. In the almost miraculous work of amalgamating the tide of foreign immigration and transforming the heterogeneous materials into something like a homogeneous people, the free school system has been, still is and will continue to be a great and indispensable factor.

The Chinese Minister at Washington in his "Plea for Fair Treatment," in the Century, adverts to the easy readiness with which credit was given to the lying reports and hideous misrepresentations that came from Shanghai during those trying days when Peking was the center of the world's direful apprehensions. Mr. Wu Ting-fang laments the incredulity with which Minister Conger's famous dispatch, announcing the safety of the legations, was received. He suggests that since charges and suspicions so degrading to Chinese character and so harmful in results were thus absolutely disproved, the fact should "teach a lesson all should heed—not to be too hasty in forming conclusions," and that "justice and consideration for others should be guiding principles upon all occasions." Truists these remarks may be, but worth remembering for all that.

That was a queenly deed done by Amelia, queen of Portugal, in saving the life of a man the other day. The queen is athletic and a fine swimmer. She saw a man drowning. He was not a scion of noble blood, but a plain boatman. The queen did not scream or appeal for help. She plunged into the water and helped to hold the man up until her attendants could reach him. It is reported of a czar of the Russians that he got off his horse, took a wounded man to his saddle and brought him off safely, crying as he came to his camp, "I've saved a man." He had been victorious in battle but more royal than all the killing of men was the royal act of saving one. So it may be said of the Queen of the Portuguese. She will never do a more royal act than when she saved a subject. Queen Amelia is a French woman by birth, a daughter of the Comte de Paris. She is about forty years of age and the mother of two children. No one outside of Europe had scarcely heard of her until she did this queenly feat. Here is an opportunity for the unknown royalty of the offshore monarchies of Europe to make themselves known outside of 2 o'clock "functions." Let them do something worth the telling.

The case involving the question whether a seat in an ordinary passenger car can be "reserved" by the deposit of a piece of baggage has been decided by the New York court in favor of the right to so reserve. It may be remembered that the case was one in which a passenger placed his valise in a seat and then went forward to the smoking car to enjoy his cigar. When he had finished his smoke he returned to find the seat occupied and his valise in the aisle. The intruder was requested to leave, but curtly refused. A controversy on the subject of reserved seats was followed by a personal encounter in which the passenger who had "jumped the claim" of the other was yanked out and left to find another seat—if he could. The law was appealed to and the case turned upon the point whether the first comer had established a right to the seat by depositing his baggage in it. The court decided that a claim to a seat is established by the placing of personal belongings in it and that if a second comer "jumps the claim" he may be dispossessed. As both parties to the suit are men of means and determination, it is possible the case may be carried farther, and the highest court in the land may have to pass upon an exceedingly important point in interstate commerce. Evidently the decision of the New York court is open to exception, because it leaves some difficult questions untouched. For instance, if the first occupant of the seat, when he left his valise in possession, went forward and occupied a seat in the smoking car, was he not holding more than he had paid for? Would passenger No. 2, finding the only available seat in the ordinary car taken up by the valise of passenger No. 1 be justified in jerking the owner of the valise out of his seat in the smoking car? Number 2 was entitled to one seat and No. 1 had not paid for two seats. In a recent instance a seat in a full car was occupied by two valises, and passengers went from car to car trying to find a seat. During the entire journey of over 100 miles the owner of the valises occupied a seat in the smoking car and never for a moment sat in the other seat, out of which he had kept two passengers. Was that course justified by the New York decision? Evidently the New York court had not gone to the bottom of the question raised by the scrapping of the two New York commuters.

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IS TERROR OF THE HILLS.
New Brigand Who Has Become a Plague Throughout Italy.
A new brigand, Mussolino by name, has appeared in the mountains of Italy. He is a terror on the trail. He started after the lives of twelve men. If he cuts notches on the stock of his rifle he is entitled to count five of them now, for five of them have met death at his hands.

Mussolino is himself condemned to die. Hence his present mission to kill. The twelve men—not one of whom must live, to the way of resolving—made up



MUSCINOLO, ITALIAN BRIGAND.

the jury which presumed to pronounce his doom. The Italian government will pay a large reward to whoever will give information that the brigand shall be taken, dead or alive.

Southern Italy is full of hills. In the province of Reggio Calabria there are refuges in plenty for such as Mussolino. And on a mountain in that part of the country this particular ruffian lately fought an all-day battle with 100 soldiers who had surrounded him. At nightfall he vanished. There are seven trembling jurymen who will not sleep well till he is found. Mussolino is a terror and he is on the trail.

She Knew.
Marjorie is the small and only daughter in a family which boasts of several sons. Aged four is Marjorie, petite and imperious and enjoying excellent opportunities for becoming spoiled. She has lately attained to the dignity of the kindergarten and comes home daily with some fresh acquisition of wisdom. A few days ago it was addition, and she proclaimed proudly at the dinner table:

"I know how much two and two make and free and two and four and two."
"And what, Marjorie?"
Without a moment's hesitation over these new factors in her problem, the little maid answered, with a dimple and a smile:

"Sweethearts."

And all the family were satisfied with Marjorie's arithmetic.

Charming Princess Louise.
There are many stories of the Princess Louise, and one in the Young Woman tells how a boy on the Raimond estate, when asked which member of the royal family he liked best, said: "I think I like the Princess Louise best, because she's so jolly to talk to." Even Carlisle, who was told of her when she was about 21, the sage of Chelsea wrote of her to his sister, "Decidedly a very pretty young lady, and clever, too, as I found out in talking to her afterward."—Westminster Gazette.

An Army Guards the Sultan.
When the Sultan of Turkey attends the Friday midday prayer at the mosque in Constantinople the garrison of 30,000 men are stationed along the route in such a way that he shall be safely guarded from the moment he leaves his palace until he is on his carpet in the sacred edifice.

TO THE DYING CENTURY

Dying Century! a health
to thee! ☒ ☒ ☒
Take it to Eternity:
Tell the gods to whom
you go—☒ ☒ ☒
Where the winds of
Heaven blow—
That you brought
me here, anon,
Heritage of tasks
undone; ☒ ☒ ☒
Robbed me of my
strength at noon;
Granted but a
single boom—
Yet that was Love.

Marion Thornton
Egbert

MISAPPROPRIATING A SMILE.

I was seated in the corner of a car. When I got a most execrating jar—Not the ordinary kind. To which gripmen are inclined, But a jolt that shocked me more than that by far.

From adown the aisle a fascinating girl Set my senses in an amatory whirl. When she turned a pretty smile Toward my corner, and the while Showed the points of teeth that glistened as the pearls.

I responded with a twinkle of my eye ("Tis a little trick I studied, by the by, And although I passed my street, Still I kept my corner seat, For the hope within my heart was running high.

Then it was I got the dolorific jar; Just behind me, on the platform of the car, Stood the man at whom, 'twas plain, She was smiling through the pane, And—'Tid ridden half a mile or more too far.

A Walk with Ishbel.

I DON'T mind talking to you, you know," said Ishbel—she insists on being spelled that way—"because you are not a stupid boy and you have a nice detached point of view, but you must promise when I tell you things not to imagine I mean myself."

"How could I imagine you a thing?" I asked reproachfully.

"You know what I mean," said Ishbel with severity. "When I was quite young," she pursued—she is 22—"I used to fancy that authors put themselves into their stories. Now I know they never do."

"Well, I am not quite young," I said crossly. "Go on."

"But you don't promise."

"I promised."

Ishbel adjusted her hatpin. "Once there was a girl," she began, "who at the age of 17 was sent to England to visit her father's people. That's rather a nice beginning. Isn't it?" she interrupted herself. "It sounds as if it might be printed. Do you think if you saw a story with a beginning like that you would read it?"

"Candidly?" I inquired.

"Of course."

"I don't think I should."

There was a dangerous glitter in her eye.

"But," I hastened to add, "reading a story is very different to have you tell it, you know. I could listen to you for a thousand years."

She was mollified. "It won't take that long," she assured me with a smile. There is no word for her smile but delicious.

"Do go on," I said. "Did she like the people?"

"Well, some of them," doubtfully. "You see they were English and she was an American."

"Yes."

"And—And young, they bullied her a little. The next time," with animation, "I mean, when we go over, I don't think they'll bully me."

"I don't fancy they will."

"And so you see," said Ishbel, reflectively. "She knew she was wretched, but she didn't allow herself to think about it."

"And what happened?" I asked briskly.

"Well, after three years he came."

"Of course," said Ishbel sharply. "Did you imagine he didn't?"

I coughed. "And she unlocked her heart?"

"Yes," said Ishbel.

"And the image—"

"It's a very odd thing," replied Ishbel, slowly, "but it wasn't there."

I laughed again. "Was her heart—did she find the receptacle—er—empty?"

"She didn't tell me that," said Ishbel. "We walked on." "So that," I remarked, presently, "was the reason why that long-legged English fellow—"

"But you promised," cried Ishbel—Boston Post.

RAFTERS OF LIVING GREEN.

Description in "Eben Holden" of a Day in the Cornfield.

We climbed the wall as he ate, and buried ourselves in the deep corn. The fragrant, silky tassels brushed my face and the corn hissed at our intrusion, crossing its green sabers in our path. Far in the field my companion heaped a little of the soft earth for a pillow, spread the oilcloth between rows, and as we lay down drew the big shawl over us. Uncle Eb was tired after the toil of that night and went asleep almost as soon as he was down. Before I dropped off Fred came and licked my nose and stepped over me, his tail wagging for leave, and curled upon the shawl at my feet. I could see no sky in that gloomy green aisle of corn. This going to bed in the morning seemed a foolish business to me that day and I lay a long time looking up at the rustling canopy overhead. I remember listening to the waves that came whispering out of the further field, nearer and nearer, until they swept over us with a roaring splash of leaves, like that of water flooding among rocks, as I have heard it often. A twinge of homesickness came to me and the snoring of Uncle Eb gave me no comfort. I remember covering my head and crying softly as I thought of those who had gone away and whom I was to meet in a far country, called heaven, whither we were going. I forgot my sorrow finally in sleep. When I awoke it had grown dusk under the corn. I felt for Uncle Eb and he was gone. Then I called to him.

"Hush, boy! He low!" he whispered, bending over me, a sharp look in his eye. "Fraid they're after us."

He sat kneeling beside me, holding Fred by the collar and listening. I could hear voices, the rustle of the corn and the tramp of feet near by. It was thundering in the distance—that heavy, shaking thunder that seems to take hold of the earth, and there were sounds in the corn like the drawing of

sabers and the rush of many feet. The noisy thunder clouds came nearer, and the voices that made us tremble were no longer heard. Uncle Eb began to fasten the oil blanket to the stalks of corn for a shelter. The rain came roaring over us. The sound of it was like that of a host of cavalry coming as a gallop. We lay bracing the stalks, the blanket tied above us, and were quite dry for a time. The rain rattled in the sounding sheaves and then came flooding down the steep gutters. Above us beam and rafter creaked, swaying and showing glimpses of the dark sky. The rain passed—we could hear the last battalion leaving the field—and then the tumult ended as suddenly as it began. The corn trembled a few moments and hushed to a faint whisper. Then we could hear only the drip of raindrops leaking through the green roof. It was dark under the corn.

UPON A CATARACT'S BRINK.

Thrilling Experience of a Voyager on the Ottawa River.

The horrible experiences of one who has been swept away by some lesser current and finds himself at last at the brink of a cataract may possibly be imagined, but there are few who survive to relate to us the particulars of such an ordeal. Yet there is one in stance where a man was saved at the very edge of the falls.

There are few more imposing bits of scenery in Canada than where the Ottawa River pours thundering and foaming over the Chaudiere Falls. When the water in the river is low, as it is in autumn, there is a fall of about forty feet, but when the river is swollen by melting snows in the spring the apparent depth of the fall is lessened. At any time the rush and swirl of the great river over this ledge of rock is a sight worth seeing.

In some places the water pours over in a dense and irresistible stream, while at other points a shallow stream will spray itself over a higher table of rock.

On the upper Ottawa are floated booms of logs which feed the large lumber industries of that region. Handling these wet logs is a treacherous business, and it is easy to lose one's foothold and fall into the swift stream. Accidents of this kind occur frequently. The only case that did not have a fatal termination is the one referred to here.

The man was busy forking these logs with those sharp tongs used to swing them about and draw them in, when he missed his footing and fell into the river. Though a strong swimmer, he could not withstand the current and was swept out into the stream and on toward the falls. Nearing the falls, he found himself still conscious, and it happened that he was being floated over one of those tables of rock where the water was so shallow that he felt himself touch. He struggled to regain his feet, and was successful in so doing, so that he found himself standing in, perhaps, a foot of rushing water, at the brink of the cataract, a great current surging by him on every hand.

But it seemed hopeless. He saw no way of getting to shore, and no one from the shore could get to him. Many people on the banks of the river were watching him and trying to study out some plan to save him. Finally a large derrick was brought to bear, such as is used in building operations. A great arm with ropes was swung out over the current, and when the man had fastened himself securely with the ropes he was raised up high and swung in, just as a large stone would be raised in constructing a building.

Work and Atmosphere.

During the building of a railroad in Switzerland, at an altitude of ten thousand feet, the discovery has been made that the atmosphere is so rarified that men employed upon the work cannot continue their labors for half so long a time as is possible when working in a lower atmosphere. The cold also may have something to do with it, for, as every one knows, the atmosphere becomes colder and colder the greater distance it is above the surface of the earth. Were it not for the atmosphere, indeed, the ordinary temperature of the world would be below zero to the extent of three hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

Too many culinary assistants are sure to impair the flavor of the consommé.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

He—Philosophy, my dear madam, is something it takes all one's life to acquire.

She—What, then, is the use in acquiring it?

"The supreme satisfaction of knowing that one's whole life has been a mistake."—Life.

Blame It on the Moon.

"The moon exercises a marked influence on commerce, astronomers say."

"Oh, yes; whenever a man walks with a girl on moonlight nights he buys her a lot of caramels and other stuff."—Chicago Record.

Just Her Idea.

Wiggles—They say that a man's wife grows to look like him after they have lived together a long time.

Mrs. Wiggles—Do they? That's for the men, now, isn't it?—Chicago Journal.

He Had It.

"The fact is," said the fat man, married because I was lonely as well as for any other reason. To put tersely, I married for sympathy."

"Well," said the lean man, "you mine."—New York World.

Wing Repartee.

The Easy Mark—She said she was 'other fish to fry.' I wonder if she was for any other reason. To put tersely, I married for sympathy."

"Well," said the lean man, "you mine."—New York World.

Happy Retort.

"Now, don't glumme any more, misfortune an' wantin' to be a misfortune 'n all that," said the laughing man. "I can see right through you."

"Go!" said David Duvall. "I knowed I ain't had nothin' to do with three days, but I didn't know I'd thinned me down like that."—Chicago Record.

Wisdom of Solomon.

Teacher—Who was the wisest man? Little Boy—Solomon.

Teacher—Give an example of his wisdom.

Little Girl—He had 600 wives. I troit Free Press.

A Compromise.

He—You need not fear. I shall do nothing desperate just because you have refused me.

"Then, darling, I repent. It was only the thought that you might do something romantic that made me refuse you."—Life.

Intervals in an Exciting Life.

"Ma, when I get big I'm goin' 'way off to be a pirate."

"Are you, Bobby?"

"Yes, but don't you be scared; I'll come home at night to sleep."—Chicago Record.

An Admirer of Honesty.

"Yes, sir," said Farmer Cornstossel, "if there's anything I do like an' admire, it's an honest man. An' that's why I'm so proud of our new neighbor down the road a piece. Ef there ever was an honest man he's one."

"Are you sure he's honest?"

"Certainly; one of these frank, generous, sincere kind."

"How do you know?"

"Traded horses with him day before yesterday, an' I reckon I got at least sixty dollars the best of him."—Washington Star.

The Fickle Thermometer.

"Here, young lady, I've brung back this thermometer you sold me."

"What's the matter with it?"

"It ain't reliable. One time ye look at it it says one thing, and the next time it says another."

Just Like Other Men.

She—Which would you rather marry—the prettiest woman in the world or the homeliest?

He—The prettiest, of course. Why do you ask?

She—Merely to find out if you weren't just like all the other men.—Detroit Free Press.

His Views.

Jack Bachelor (engaged)—Of course, I realize that matrimony is a very important step, and all that!

Ned Newlywed (hoarsely)—Step? Great Scott, man! It's a whole lot of steps and something to fall over on every step!—Puck.

No Limit.

"I understand that you are a distant relative of the wealthy Goldmans."

"Yes."

"How distant?"

"As distant as they can keep me."—Philadelphia Record.

Favorable Chances.

Rudolph—if I should ask old Bullions for his daughter's hand what do you think of my chances?

Harold—Very fair. You have youth, health and a good constitution and should pull through with careful nursing.—Puck.

Many Lines There.

Tellit—To be successful in business a man must confine himself to one line. Askit—What if he is a palimpsest?—Baltimore American.

Woman's Rights.

Stox—Do you believe in women having the same rights as men?

Stiggs—Yes, I do. There was one stood in front of where I sat in a car to-day and tramped all over my feet, and if she'd been a man I would have bit her one, sure.—Detroit Free Press.

Trust Worthy.

"Is he a trustworthy patriot?" asked the earnest citizen.

"I should say so," answered the Senator. "A man that can make a mistake as brilliantly as he can is worthy of the trust he is able to command."—Washington Star.

Worth Remembering.

"It is the man at the top of the ladder who can reach things," remarked a haughty representative of a noble family.

"True," remarked the aristocrat in homespun, "but it is the man at the bottom who can reach things."—Chicago Evening Post.

What Constituted the Incident.

"What did you strike this man with?" asked the magistrate.

"He called me 'Reuben,'" said the shock-headed individual, while the police had brought in.

"What is your name, anyhow?"

"Reuben, your honor—but he knows it."—Chicago Tribune.

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